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Hildebrand's
Legacy.

(DRAMA)

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GRANDMOTHER HILDEBRAND'S LEGACY;

— OR, —

MAE BLOSSOMS REWARD.

—X—

A D R A M A
IN FIVE ACTS,

—BY—

C. A. LAMSON.

—X—

*Ames series of
standard plays*

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—X—

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—X—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOHN BLOSSOM, (independent Vermont Farmer).....	Mr. C. A. Lamson
SAM BLOSSOM, (his brother).....	Mr. Will Kibbee
GEORGE PIERSON, (the city lover).....	Mr. Stedman Holton
JACK THORNE, (a wronged husband).....	Mr. E. E. Hall
FRED RIVERS, (who tries to court).....	Mr. E. D. Batchelder
PAT O'CONNOR, (Irish servant).....	Mr. Henry C. Linoge
SAM, (a colored servant).....	John Swerdfeger
HARRY FIELDING, (the postmaster's son).....	Archie S. Paige
POLICEMAN.....	Mr. C. H. Ward
TEDDY, (a newsboy).....	Harry Shipman
DICK, (a boot black).....	Russell Batchelder
MRS. SUSAN BLOSSOM, (John's wife).....	Mrs. C. H. Ward
BALINDA, (Susan's old maid sister).....	Mrs. Lina George
MAE BLOSSOM, [John Blossom's daughter].....	Miss Flora Batchelder
MRS. LANDON, [her assumed name].....	
MRS. REIGNALD PIERSON, [wife of Jack Thorne].....	Mrs. E. D. Paine
ISABEL CRAWFORD, [supposed ward of Mrs. Pierson].....	Mrs. Geo. Shipman
BETSY ANN SKINNER, [who flirts with Sam].....	Miss May Robbins
GRANDMOTHER HILDEBRAND.....	Miss Flora Hall
TABLEAU—Ending Act III. "The Golden Chain."	
TABLEAU—Ending Act V. "Love Rules the World."	

COSTUMES—MODERN.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—A Vermont home. The birth-day party. Betsy Ann "flirts." Grandmother Hildebrand's arrival. "Git out, you sass-box!" The city guest. The dance. Grandmother has the "crick" in the back.

ACT II.—A mortgaged home. The blind father. Family prayers. Mae's resolution. Appeal for her lover. "A woman's honor is her life." Parting between Mrs. Blossom and Mae.

ACT III.—New York street scene. Pat's breakfast. Interview between Mrs. Pierson and Isabel. Mrs. Pierson denies her own child. The new housekeeper. Her meeting with George. Pat watches the "Ould Tabby." Mrs. Landon's discovery. Mrs. Pierson as a "sommnambulist." Her secret. "Mrs. Jack Crawford, your sin has found you out." United at last. Tableau—"The Golden Chain."

ACT IV. The return home. Mae's plan. Isabel's return. Forgiveness. Meeting between father and daughter. The scare. "Who am de villan?" Pat's stick comes down. The midnight robber. Isabel's warning. The uplifted dagger. Jack Thorne. "Once more I will save her." Mrs. Pierson's insanity and death.

ACT V.—Farmer Blossom's farm. Mae's return. The same old hymn: "Dennis." The blind see. Sam and 'Lindy court. "Bean porridge hot." Arrival of grandmother. "You've grow'd'mazingly." The dance. Farmer Blossom's invitation. Tableau—"Love rules the world."

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat, D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

* * The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

Grandmother Hildebrand's Legacy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Showing side of Farmer Blossom's house—rustic seat and chair—steps leading into house. MR. and MRS. BLOSSOM enter from house.*

Mr. B. Just eighteen years ago our Mae came to gladden our hearts and home, and she has done it, hasn't she wife? But, my! isn't she a romp! (*laughing heard in distance*) I declare, there she goes this minute, running full speed down the hill with the girls, as if she was but eight instead of eighteen.

Mrs. B. But you forget, John, that our romping Mae, as you call her, is just what we have allowed her to be—a bird, as free as the air, to fly and light, then fly again.

Mr. B. Yes, that is a fact; and she flies too high sometimes.

Mrs. B. To-day will be a happy event in her life. We cannot be too thankful, John, that going to the Seminary did not mold her into a proud society girl. Graduating, as she did, with the highest honors, she comes back to us so light-hearted and gay, so unassuming, our own Mae. John, it is no wonder that the young people of our neighborhood all love her, for she joins in all their sports, and helps in all their troubles. God grant that she may always be as happy.

Mr. B. Yes, Susan, it has taken away from the exterior those rough, sharp edges, while the heart remains just as joyous and gentle.

Enter, SAM BLOSSOM from end of house, L.

Sam B. Gosh all fish-hooks, John, guess what that tarnal brindle cow has bin doin' now. She give old Yallar, next to her, a thunderin' kick, got her horns twixt their boards, and when I got there she was bellerin' fer all git out. I'd no more an' got her fixed when I heard a shoutin' up on the side hill, and there was Mae settin' on a rock wavin' her handkercher. Oh! she was a pretty pictur' with her white dress on and her hair all full of roses. Sez she: "I guess Old Brindle wanted to come to my birthday party." I tell you, John, she ain't no different than she was 'fore she went to skule. O, you just ought to have seen her jump over that stone wall, t'other day, when she thought no one was lookin'! Gol! 'twas just like this: (*motions to jump*) and over she went!

4 GRANDMOTHER HILDEBRAND'S LEGACY.

Mrs. B. And who was it, I wonder, that taught her to jump fences, stone walls, and run races in such a boyish manner?

Sam B. Oh, git out—git out! But, I say, ain't it most time for the folks to be comin'? If 'twas anybo' else but our Mae goin' to have this party, I'll bet I wouldn't keep these clothes on much longer! I put some fresh hen's ile onto these boots to kind of limber 'em up. Haven't had any on before since I went to Betsy Ann Skinner's to tea. Taller is good 'nough, but I think hen's ile is a leetle more softening.

Exit, MR. and MRS. B. into house—SAM seats himself to whittle—BALINDY heard calling outside.

Bal. Samuel! Sam! (*at the top of her voice*) Sam!!

Sam B. Balindy is gittin' wild. She's cultivatin' her voice. I hain't quite got this peg to suit me yet.

Bal. (outside) Sam Blossom, have I got to crack my throat calling you?

Enter, BALINDY, R.

Sam—Law! how cute you do look!

Sam B. You're lookin' fresh as a squash, too.

Bal. Now, Sam, none of your nonsense. Do come in an' help me get up the ice-cream and other things from the cellar. It's most time for the folks to come and I ain't dressed yit. (*looks L.*) Gracious! if there ain't Mae's cat eating up them custards! Seat! seat! Sam, do for mercy sake hurry up! (*exeunt L.*)

Enter, MR. and MRS. BLOSSOM, R.

Mr. B. Ah, there is Harry, the post-master's son. I wonder what is up now?

Enter, HARRY, L.

Harry. Here is a letter for you, Mr. Blossom. Seeing it was Mae's birthday, and you might be hindered, I thought I would bring it up myself.

Mrs. B. Thank you, Harry. I am sorry you cannot come this afternoon, but remember and come this evening. I will not forget to save you some cake and cream.

Harry. Thank you; you are very kind. (*hesitates*) All the boys like you, Mrs. Blossom.

Mr. B. Yes, Susan, and the big boys, too.

Mrs. B. Good-bye, Harry.

Harry. Good-bye, Mrs. Blossom—Mr. Blossom. (*exit R.*)

Mr. B. (reading letter) "Dear brother and sister:—We are very sorry that we cannot accept your kind invitation to Mae's birthday party; but who should decide to go, after we had given it up, but grandmother. We have been a week getting her bundles together and I hope you can get along with her. But above all things look out for her 'crick in the back.' Lovingly, your sister, CLARISY." (*laughing*) Ha! ha! Susan, we are in for it sure. But won't Mae enjoy it?

Mrs. B. Yes, indeed, she will. Everything is ready and she has not come yet. I guess I will go and find her, for we want to be all ready to welcome our friends. (*points L.*) Look, John; there they come with Mae. I will go and bring Sam and Balindy. (*exit R.*)

Enter, R., MRS. BLOSSOM with SAM and BALINDY as party of young people enter L.—lively music.

Mr. B. (general hand shaking) Friends, we give you a hearty welcome. 'To-day let us banish all care and enjoy ourselves to the uttermost. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and ours is a generous love for you all. I know I speak for Mae; don't I, my child?

Mae. Of course you do, father. I love everybody; don't I Uncle Sam?

Sam B. Shouldn't wonder at all. You like all the cows and horses, and they like you. But 'peers to me there is one man that ain't sot on you.

Mae. Oh, I just begin to see, uncle. There is somebody on the hill that don't like me at all. He's just as mad at me as he can be because I chased his spotted calf through the meadow and made him jump the stone wall. *(laughs)* He said: "You romping tom-boy, hasn't your father ever taught you any better? Do you ever expect to go to Heaven?"

Mrs. B. Mae, I never knew of this. I hope you did not answer him back.

Mae. I didn't know just what to say, he looked so fierce, and so I—

Fred. What did you say, Mae?

Mae. So I said: "If you are not very particular, I guess I'll go where father and mother do, and that will be good enough for me. *(laughter)* Oh! he looked just black, and I was kind of scared; and then he said something about the Devil—I didn't know anything about him, so I ran home. That was a long time ago, but I don't think he has forgotten it to this day.

Bal. I never was sot on the Deacon myself. But Samantha does make the best dried apple pies. *(others have formed in groups talking, etc.—SAM talks to BETSY ANN, who smiles and nods)* I declare, if Sam ain't makin' a fool of himself over Betsy Ann Skinner! What on earth he can see in her to do that for, *(imitates her)* is more than I can see! Guess I will tend to Sam myself. *(crosses over and motions SAM to her—points L.)* Mercy on us! who is that comin' all covered over with band-boxes? For the land sake! Mae, do, come and see who it is. *(all go L.)*

Sam. Gewhitiker! see her pound that boy over the head with her umbrella!

Fred. There goes her band-boxes!

Mae. Why, mother—Uncle Sam—everybody, if it isn't Grandmother Hildebrand!

Fred. Gosh! Firebrand, I should say.

Mae. Oh, isn't it jolly! Dear old grandma! I'll run and help carry her things.

Fred. I'll go, too.

Mae. I'll beat you, Fred!

Mrs. B. Grandmother is a queer old body, but she loves Mae, and under her rough exterior she really has a kind heart.

Sam. Do you remember, Balinda, the day she chased me around the barn-yard with a broom handle 'cause I upset her yaller snuff-box?

Bal. 'Taint no ways likely I'll forgit her. Didn't she git mad at the stove one day 'cause she couldn't warm her feet quick enough?

Had the crick in her back to pay for it and sot plump down in my pan of riz' dough.

Mr. B. Well, let's give her a hearty welcome and may she be as happy as we are.

Lively music—Enter, L., GRANDMOTHER HILDEBRAND, MAE and FRED loaded with band-boxes.

Omnes. (shout) Welcome!!

Grandma. Stop that yellin', you pesky critters! Anybody would think you was drivin' a flock of sheep. (*FRED goes to take bundle*) Out of the way, sass-box! Howdy do, Susan? What on earth have you got these yellin critters, round you for? John, I s'pose you're tucked out, but you see to that boy. My best night-cap and hem-stitched handkercher is in that box.

Mae. Oh, grandma, these are my friends who have come to my party.

Grandma. Law sake, child, you don't say so! (*bandbox falls*) There! there goes my best bonnet box! Oh, dear! Balindy, you got any sage tea on bilin'? My nerves are completely upst with all this folderoll. Mae, do you know who that pesky critter was on the keers? (*takes snuff*) Looked a leetle like a cousin of mine. He thought he was smart, but he wan't. He come up to me, and said: "Punch it, madan?" "What?" sez I. "Must punch it," sez he. "Git right out!" sez I, "I ain't goin' to no sich place. I'm goin' to see John and Susan on the farm." And the silly critters all laughed!

Mae. Why, grandmother, that was the conductor.

Grandma. Corn doctor! Dear suz. child, do you s'pose he could cure that corn on my left foot! It's awful tender.

(*dinner bell is heard*)

Mr. B. Mae's birthday dinner will now be served. Come friends, one and all, after which we will return for our visit. Come, grandmother.

Grandma. Sam, you and Mae will have to help me. I'm hungry as a bear. Where on 'arth is that box with the saffron and spearmint? (*reaches down to untie box*) Oh! oh! my back! Oh! (*sneezes and takes snuff*) I might have know'd I should ketch cold comin' up here!

(*sneezes*)

Mr. B. Come, come, mother.

(*FRED lets fall some boxes—all laugh*)

Grandma. Stop your laughing, sassboxes! You be keerful of that box, boy. Sam, help me into the house, but do be keerful 'bout mussin' my dress.

(*exeunt into house, R., in greatest confusion*)

Enter, GEORGE PIERSON, L.

Geo. This, then, is the Blossom farm. What would my step-mother and her ward, Isabel, say to this, I wonder, in comparison to Pierson House. They are having a party, and I can hear Mae's laugh above all the rest. Will gay, laughing, loving Mae remember her promise to me of two years ago when she was a pupil at my aunt's Seminary? In all the changes that have taken place in these two years—black and hideous as the blackest night—one smile I remember; one face I see to comfort; soothes me when it seems as if I should go mad. One letter only have I received from her, but that, so full of love and hope, that it has given me patience and courage

for the future. She may have changed, too. Oh! I'll not think of that, but hope she is the same loving Mae of old. Someone is coming.

Enter, SAM, R., comes C.

Sam. I thought I heard a noise down to the barn. Jest as like as not that tarnel cow has got loose agin. (*sees GEORGE*) Howdy do, stranger. Fine weather we're havin'. You ain't the feller what was comin' to look at them Jersey calves, are you? Might have knowed 'twas, though, for you wrote you's comin' the last of the week.

Geo. I beg your pardon, sir,—

Sam B. Oh, never mind—never mind; don't make any excuses. We'll keep you over night and then we can see 'bout the calves in the mornin'.

Geo. Indsed, you are mistaken, sir.

Sam B. No, 'tain't no mistake, nuther. You're jest as welcome to stay as not.

Geo. But I am not the man you take me for. I am George Pierson, of New York, and have come to pay my respects to Miss Mae Blossom. Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Blossom?

Sam B. Well, I vow! Yes, I'm Blossom. Hope you'll excuse me, sir, but John's the one you're lookin' for. Hope you didn't think I was Mae's father? Wish I was, though. John ain't no more like me than black and white. He went to skule and got book learnin' and so did Susan. My edication was good what there was on't, but 'twas plaggy short. I went to skule in the mornin', got a lickin' at half-past ten, licked the skule-master at half-past eleven, and at twelve, father give me a thunderin' poundin'. That was the time I graduated, and I ain't had no dispersition to graduate since.

Geo. You are an honest man, Mr. Blossom; give me your hand. I am heartily glad to meet you. (*shake hands*)

Sam B. Now, come right into the house and see the folks. Mae is having a birthday party and is happy as a lark. (*exeunt R.*)

Enter, BALINDY, L. 3 E.

Bal. Sam! Sam! I thought sure I saw Sam and Betsy Ann Skinner goin' out together! 'Tain't no matter if I am Susan's sister and Sam is John's brother, we are as like as two peas. He's said many a time that I could make better preserves and pies than Nancy Doolittle, and she learned down to New York. Betsy Ann ain't no cook, and aint no great of a dress maker nuther, I don't call her. Good land, she puckered this delaine all up in the back. I declare, all I could think of was an old settin'-hen with her tail feathers stickin' out. I knew it 'twan't the fashion, so I pulled it down. Guess I'll 'tend to Sam myself. (*exit into house R. 3 E.*)

Enter, FRED and MAE from house R.

Fred. I don't care if he is polite, I don't! He ain't going to have you all the time.

Mae. Why, Fred, what is the matter, now?

Fred. I say, Mae, who is that city chap?

Mae. He is a friend of mine. I went to his aunt's school.

Fred. I say, Mae, he ain't sweet on you, is he?

Mae. (*laughs*) What a foolish Fred.

Fred. I say—I say—I say, May, I like you.

Mae. Of course you do, Fred, and so do I you. Didn't we used to have fun chasing Uncle Sam's calves through the pasture and eating Aunt Balindy's preserves? (*laughs*) Why, this very morning I had the nicest run on the hill with Harry Mason's sisters. Oh, we had just a splendid time! Fred, I'd rather have the love of these dear ones and this dear old farm than all that wealth can give; but here they all come and we must join them.

Fred. I can't never have a chance to say half that I want too.

Enter, R., GRANDMA on arm of GEORGE PIERSON—others follow.

Grandma. You don't mean to tell me you are Squire Pierson's boy? He married she it was Lucinda Raymond. (*FRED gets a seat for them near front of stage, R.*) Balindy, bring out my bottle of hartshorn and that box tied with the garter. I didn't have time to knit a mate to it, Clarisy so up-ot me 'bout this party. (*to GEO.*) You say, young man,—(*takes snuff*)—where on 'arth is my pocket handkercher? Well, young man, they do say the Squire made lots of money arter he married Lucindy. She was as good a girl—if I do say it—as ever struck the four corners. How's the Squire's health, young man? (*looks up*) Got the nose blad, young man? Land a massy! (*GEO. has handkerchief to face*)

GEO. Excuse me, grandmother, if I may call you so, my father and mother are both dead.

Grandma. Oh! oh! my back! my back! My campfire, quick! (*FRED rushes with bottle—thy fan her, etc.*) There—there, that's a dreadful shock! Then you go and visit with the young folks, for I 'spose you're liable to die any minute. When I git my nerves straightened out we will talk it over.

(unties different boxes, etc., while others are talking)

Betsy. Samuel, can't you sing the sweet melody, "Oh Fair Dove, Oh Fond Dove." It would be perfectly delightful.

Bal. Betsy Ann Skinner, what an idea! Sam can't sing any more than a cat. If you want to sing, sing—

Fred. Gol! you sing Betsy.

Betsy. Well, if you all insist, I will favor you with the maiden's lament, "I'm Willing to Wait."

Sam B. Now, come, Betsy, let the song go. What do you say to some dancing if John and Susan don't object. Grandmother used to be a rattler.

Mae. Oh, if she would dance, wouldn't it be jolly?

Sam B. John, do you and Susan object to a leetle dancing on Mae's birthday?

Grandma. Good gracious! Sam Blossom, are you out of your senses? Hain't John and Susan bin meetin' folks for nigh onto forty year?

Mr. B. Yes, grandmother, we have served our Master faithfully for over forty years, and He has blest us, but if the young people want to dance a few minntes for exercise, I am sure Susan and I shall not object. If the result is good, where can be the sin? I will ask Mr. Pierson to take my place.

Grandma. What on 'arth is this world comin' to! (*MR. B. motions SAM to ask GRANDMA, who goes over and whispers to her*) Law

sakes, Sam! Where in the world is my pocket handkercher? Susan, you keep an eye on my knittin'. It'll make my back worse I do believe.

Dance French four or quadrille—SAM and GRANDMA dance last and ends up in GRANDMA having "crick in the back."

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Two years have elapsed between Act I. and Act II.

SCENE I.—*Sitting room in MR. BLOSSOM'S house. MR. B. at R. and MRS. B. at L. of center table—MAE on a hassock at MR. B'S. side, arm and head resting on his knee—SAM B. front L.—BALINDY front R. knitting—slow music.*

Mr. B. Wife, what night is this?

Mrs. B. Thursday night, John.

Mr. B. Just two years ago George left us, and we were all so happy—but what a change.

Mrs. B. I wouldn't talk about that, John.

Mr. B. Oh, I must talk about it. I have kept still until it seems as though my heart will break. We have had nothing but trouble since that day—nothing but trouble. The cattle all dying—a thing not heard of for fifty years—and the crops failing. I could get along with all this, but to think of this old farm, where we have always had peace and plenty and to spare, being mortgaged to pay those notes father thought was paid long before he died—it is too much—too much. Susan, it is no wonder your hair turned white in a single week, it is more of a wonder to me that you are not in the little corner lot beside our baby Harry. Oh, I often see the little white shaft pointing upward, and we will soon be there, Susan, soon be there.

(points up)
Mrs. B. Dear, dear husband, do not speak like that. I cannot but think that all will yet be well.

Mr. B. Aye, all will be well some day. These sightless eyes shall see again some day—some day.

Mae. Oh, father, father! you have your Mae, who will work and earn money; and who knows but we can have this dear old farm back again. Try and be cheerful, won't you, father?

Sam B. 'Lindy and I will stick to you John; won't we 'Lindy?

Bal. Sam Blossom, you know I will.

Mr. B. That's the trouble, Sam. You have stayed by us when you knew there was nothing but ruin in the end. Now you and Balindy have got to begin all over again.

Sam B. Cracky Peter! John, you don't know what 'Lindy and I may do, yet. We may buy you out 'fore long, jest as like as not.

Bal. Sam—

Mae. Yes, father; and I have some money that I have saved co—to—and I will take some of it and go to New York. I am sure when I graduate they will find some good position for me.

Mr. B. Why didn't you say it, child, that you had saved your money for wedding trinkets.

Mae. Father—

Mr. B. Oh, Mae, isn't it enough that your heart is nearly broken?

that your once happy laugh is gone? But your looks tell me you love him still.

Mae. Oh, father—

Mr. B. Tut, tut, child, don't say a word, don't say a word. Why didn't he come back like a man? If he tired of you, if he was honest, why didn't he break the engagement? You could stand that; but never mention his name again. (*rises*) Never, as long as you live, let it be said that a Blossom did a dishonorable act.

Mae. Father, I have always obeyed you in all things, but in this I cannot. Father, I love George Pierson with all my heart; and though he has deserted me as you say, though the promise he made may seem to be broken, still I believe in him. I still trust him, and time shall prove that Mae Blossom was right. Yes, father, your Mae has been a careless, laughing, romping girl, chasing the birds and butter-flies, free as the air of Heaven, but to-night she dons a woman's garb, and to-morrow she will go out into the world to do a woman's part.

Sam B. By cracky! Mae, give me your hand. (*takes hand—wipes away tear with coat sleeve*) Who'd ever 'spose I'd live to hear such words? Bully for you! 'Lindy, ain't you confounded?

Bal. Do stop your noise!

(*tries to hide tears*)

Mr. B. Mae, you are a noble girl. Somehow your words give me comfort and courage, though I cannot see a single gleam of light.

Mae. But light will come, father. Don't you remember mother read last night that not even a sparrow could fall to the ground without His notice?

Mr. B. Yes, my child,. His mercies are from everlasting to everlasting to those who trust him. Come, Susan, we will go into the other room and Mae shall read the same chapter over again.

Slow music as they exit R.—after singing the old tune "Dennis" outside
MAE re-enters with light.

Mae. Dear, dear father. Even as we sung "Come Cast Your Burthens" he fell asleep like a tired child. Father says George helped to make him blind; helped to increase this trouble; and mother, how sad she looks, though she never murmurs nor complains. Oh, I am so tired, (*sits on sofa—head falls back*) so tired. George, you are true. George, I love you. (*slow music*)

Enter, MRS. BLOSSOM, R.

Mrs. B. Mae is not in her room; where is my child? (*sees MAE*) Ah, poor tired child. But it is late and I must awaken her. Mae! Mae, my child!

Mae. (*wakes with a start*) Oh! was I asleep? Mother, I have make up my mind to go away.

Mrs. B. Mae, my child—

Mae. I know what you would say, mother, but do naught against it. Mother, look at your Mae. Do you think I could give my blind father his good-night kiss if I was not as pure as when George Pierson's love first entered my heart and soul? No, mother, a woman's honor is her life; and he who tramples on it is baser than hell itself.

Mrs. B. But the hours will be so long—and poor John!

Mae. I know it, mother, and for that very reason I must go; but come. We cannot see through the darkness; God kindly veils our

eyes. To-night may look dark and dreary, but let us hope that gladness and sunshine will come with to-morrow.

(slow music and curtain as they exeunt R.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Street scene in New York. News boys, boot-blacks, pedestrians passing back and forth—ice cream sign on wing.

Enter, PAT, L., who staggers from one side to the other.

Teddy. Mornin' paper! Herald! Globe and Times! Mornin' paper! Say, mister. want a mornin' paper?

Pat. Your a daisy, *(hic)* you are; but I don't want any moarn-in' papers. I'm not dead yet.

Dick. Black yer boots? Only a nickel a shine. Want a shine, mister?

Pat. Shine! *(hic)* don't I allers shine? *(hic—runs against side)* This town has got the crookedest sidewalks— *(hic—sees lady leading dog)* Say, dog, dog, *(hic)* doggie, where you goin' wid ther old woman?

Lady. You impudent creature, I'll have you arrested.

Pat. Rested! *(hic)* who said *(hic)* I was tired? I ain't tired.

Teddy. I say, boys, that feller's got the wiggles.

Pat. Let me git me iligint *(hic)* hand on your nose *(hic)* and you'd be a thinkin' I'd got the twists. *(sees ice cream sign)* Sure, here's a mon that want to hire *(hic)* some one. Let's see what he wants. I scream. *(hic)* Bless me trotters, he wants to hire some one *(hic)* to scream. *(hic)* Well, my soul, this is a quar counthry! *(hic)* Sure, it's an Irish gentleman like myself *(hic)* that can do ther same *(hic)* in dacint shape; so here goes fer ould Ireland and Pat O'Connor.

(screams until a policeman collars him)

Enter, GEO. PIERSON, R.

Geo. What has that young man been doing?

Police. Oh, the fool is drunk and been disturbing.

Pat. Say that a gin *(hic)* and Oi'll down yer top-knot!

Geo. Wait till I question him. He looks like a good honest fellow. Were you ever in New York before?

Pat. Oi niver was, shure.

Geo. There boys, *(gives money)* now clear out.

Police. Clear out every son of you, or I'll put you all in jail.

Geo. Young man, I like your face. The worse for drink in a strange city makes you sadly in need of help. Tell me where you came from and what you are seeking. I may be able to assist you.

Pat. Shure, yer a gintleman, every inch av yer. Oi came from Cork, the darlint place, and my name is Pat O'Connor. Shure, it's Pat thot can find yer horses, or wait on ther ladies as well as the next mon. That Oirishman's breakfast, bad luck to it, nearly done me up. *(hic)*

Geo. How is that, Pat?

Pat. Faith, an' me breakfast was dhrinkin' and foightin', and shure thot's a good square meal for an Oirishmon any day; but shure Oi got a good character—here it is. *(GEO. reads)* "To whom

it may concern: This is to certify that the bearer, Pat O'Connor, was in my employ four years as coachman, and was faithful and honest. Signed: Sir Walter O'Brien, Delphi Terrace, Cork."

Pat. Shure, thot's me masther.

Geo. (to policeman) Your number, policeman is 18. All right. *(gives card to PAT and money to policeman)* Take this young man to a good boarding house. Now, Pat, keep your Ireland down. So smart a people should not be compromised in this way. When you are Pat O'Connor come to me at that number. *(turns to go)*

Pat. Oi say, misther!

Geo. Well, Pat?

Pat. Oi am shure Oi'll be lavin' off the Oirishman's breakfast afther this.

Geo. That's right.

(exit L.)

Police. Well, you have got the luck this time. Why, that was George Pierson, whose father was one of the richest bankers in this city. He's got a step-mother, though, ha! ha! But I say, young fellow, that last shake I gave you rather straightened you out, didn't it? Cone on.

Pat. Shure, yer a trump; but could yer be afther tellin me where Oi could foind Jennie O'Flarity? She works here.

Enter, newsboys, calling names of papers.

By me soul, Oi'm afther yer.

(rushes for boys—policeman hangs to coat tail)

QUICK CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*Elegant sitting-room in PIERSON'S house.*

Enter, SAM and J. THOMAS, R.

Sam. Dis will neber do, sah, neber do. De missus am bery particular. She neber receives callers wifhout they first present their cards.

Jack. Get out, you stuck up nigger! Tell Mrs. Pierson an old acquaintance wants to see her. She will come.

Sam. De dignity ob dis year house mus' be preserved. *(salutes)*
De missus will rave, suah. *(exit R.)*

Jack. Well, this is comfortable. Hester, you feathered your nest well; but you haven't got quite through yet.

Enter, SAM, R.

Sam. De missus will see yoh in dis room

Jack. Of course she will, you fool. Get out of this.

Sam. (bows) Thank yoh, sah. *(exit C.—JACK partly turns his back)*

Enter, MRS PIERSON, L.—starts and catches breath as she sees JACK—he turns and faces her—crash of music.

Mrs. P. You—here?

Jack. Hester Thorne!

Mrs. P. Hush, for Heaven's sake! I heard you were—dead.

Jack. Oh, no! The man you hired to do your dirty work didn't half do it—that's all Hester Thorne, listen to me! I shall never claim you as my wife, do not fear that, for the old love is forever

crushed out—but I want money! Give it to me and my lips are sealed; refuse, and your secrets are revealed.

Mrs. P. How much do you want?

Jack. Oh, five thousand will do for a start.

Mrs. P. Jack Thorn, you are exceedingly modest in your request. You have me in your power now, but beware! I have just that amount in my room, which I intended to send to the bank to-day. I will get it for you. (exit L.)

Jack. By cracky! that staggers me! Once she would have torn my clothes from my body, scratched my eyes out; but that look, that calmness means something. *(takes knife from coat and puts into hip pocket)* Look out!

Enter, MRS. PIERSON, L., with package—moves slowly forward and hands it to JACK.

Mrs. P. There is your money; go!

Points to door—JACK backs toward door—eyes fixed on each other—music—stops at door.

Jack. Hester, you swore to me that our child died. She did not! I know you would murder for money; but I can't see how a mother can hate her child. (exit C.)

(MRS. P. with hand to head slowly exits L.)

Enter, PAT, R.

Pat. It's me own illigint silf that's in luck this toime, shure. Confidential servant to me masther George! Shure, Oi niver! About all Oi have to do is to dust, ate, and watch the ould tabby and her ward, Isabel. Lady Isabel, she tould me to call her. Bah! His step-mother! Shure, she's mother to ther devil himself. Ah! here they come. Oi guess O'll hide. (gets back of drapery curtain)

Enter, MRS. PIERSON and ISABEL L.—sit at table.

Mrs. P. Well, Isabel, I have at last got rid of old Nancy. She was keen as a fox and dangerous, too, but she's got more than her match; aye, more than her match. She went into Mr. Pierson's room and I should have overheard their conversation had not that sneaking servant of his came upon me just as I stationed myself at the door. How I hate that fellow! *(PAT shakes fist)* He said: "Shall I inform Mr. Pierson that you wish to speak to him?" I made the excuse I was looking for you. Oh, I will crush him some day.

Isabel. He is too bold and cunning, Mother.

Mrs. P. Mother! *(starts—excited)* Girl! Isabel! Never so far forget yourself again! These walls may have ears. Isabel Crawford, you are in reality, nothing but a beggar. As my sister's child I took pity on you, have given you the advantages of a lady, and spared no expense in your wardrobe. In return for this I expect obedience. In short, I expect you to marry George Pierson. (both rise)

Isabel. Marry George Pierson! What do you mean? Why, he would no more marry me than you. Aunt, I am no fool. I have seen his eyes flash and his lips curl with disgust when you have forced me upon him at receptions and parties. Why do you do this? If George Pierson received only \$5000, and you all the rest of Jasper Pierson's immense wealth, why do you want me to marry him when I have wealthier suitors? Aunt, now you shall hear me.

You cannot deceive me. Why was it you turned pale and fainted when we saw that man in the park last week? And, why did he say: "Isabel Crawford, your mother has fainted; better call your carriage"? Something about that man impressed me strangely. I saw him give me a look of longing and pity. How did he know me? Why do you start so at every unnatural sound? Ah! didn't old Nancy's eyes flash fire when you accused her of stealing your watch? And I shall never forget her words—never, when she said: "Remember your time will come, and George Pierson's wrongs will be righted. I am no thief nor murderer." (*starts away*) Better, far better a life of poverty than one of fear and mystery.

Mrs. P. Stop! I will not tolerate such insolence in my house! Isabel, go to your room at once! (*points finger until she exits L.*) I thought when I rid myself of old Nancy I should be comparatively safe; and now everything seems against me—even Isabel. Aye, but I defy them all! The gold, the jewels, the will; all are mine! I married Jasper Pierson in spite of his haughty son, and the property is mine. (*starts as if hearing noise*) Oh, it is nothing, nothing. I wonder what the new house-keeper will be? That miserly aunt of Mr. Pierson's writes me she is perfectly reliable and honest, that she is of a good family, and graduated at her own school. Oh, well, I suppose she will do. A country woman needs to know nothing but her business in a city like this. (*taps bell*)

Enter SAM, R.

Sam, go to the house-keeper's room and tell her Mrs. Pierson will see her in the drawing room.

Sam. Yes, mam.

(*exit R.*)

MRS. PIERSON seats herself—rises—walks across the room then seats herself again.

Enter, SAM and MRS. LANDON, R.

Sam. The house-keeper, mam.

(*exit R.*)

Mrs. P. Mrs. Landon.

Mrs. L. Good afternoon, madam.

Mrs. P. You may call me Mrs. Pierson. I see by your dress that you have lost your husband. 'Tis hard to lose one's all. My heart is nearly broken. My husband has been dead over two years.

(*puts handkerchief to eyes*)

Mrs. L. 'Tis hard indeed to break one's heart for love.

Mrs. P. I have called you to the drawing-room because I want to introduce you to my son, Mr. George Pierson. He is somewhat eccentric, lives in his own apartments, keeps his own servant and dines at his clubrooms. After his father's death—poor man!—(*wipes eyes*)—he went into the country for a vacation and there formed the acquaintance of a silly country girl. (*Mrs. L. starts*) I sent for him to come home. I hate to tell you the rest, I feel so sorry for him.

Mrs. L. Please go on.

Mrs. P. When he came home he told me of his engagement, poor, foolish boy, and when I laughed at him he just boiled over with rage, vowed I had defrauded him out of his just rights and declared there was a later will. Of course, there was not. He, of course, thought it was unjust. But his father loved me so! (*wipes eyes*) Well, dear George, took it so to heart that he was prostrated

with fever, that with a throat trouble, confined him to his room for nearly a year. When he was able he crossed the ocean to regain his health. When he returned he saw what a foolish thing he had done and at once engaged himself to my ward, Miss Isabel Crawford, to whom he will soon be married. (Mrs. L. sways and gasps for breath) Why, what is the matter? I will call Sam!

Mrs. L. Do not call—I am better now. But what became of the country girl?

Mrs. P. Oh, he moaned and raved about her, of course, but his letters never reached the farm, ha! ha! I suppose she has married one of her kind—a country doctor, grocer, or minister. I dislike to tell you of these things, but I knew you would hear of them and I thought it better for you to know the facts. Servants will always gossip and I preferred you to know the truth.

Mrs. L. It is well to know the truth, Mrs. Pierson, I thank you. (Mrs. P. rings bell)

Enter, SAM, R.

Mrs. P. Sam, inform Mr. Pierson that I would like to have him come to the drawing-room.

Sam. Yes, mam.

(exit R.)

Mrs. P. I see by your looks that you will not be one of those meddlesome creatures, but will attend to your duties properly.

Enter, SAM and GEORGE PIERSON, R.

Sam. (salutes) Mr. Pierson, ladies.

(exit R.)

Geo. Excuse me, Mrs. Pierson, I thought you were alone.

Mrs. P. I sent for you to give you an introduction to my new house-keeper. Mrs. Landon, this is my son, Mr. George Pierson. (bow) George, your rooms have been sadly neglected. Give your orders to Mrs. Landon and she will carry them out. I am so fatigued I must retire to my room.

(exit L.)

Geo. Excuse me, Mrs. Landon, but your face looks very familiar—strangely so. Mrs. Pierson tells me your husband is dead, and that you were recommended by my aunt, at whose school you graduated. Were you acquainted with any of her pupils?

Mrs. L. (turns aside) It is over two years since I left there.

Geo. Two years did you say? Perhaps you knew then—(aside) Why should I bring up the past?

Mrs. L. At that time I knew every pupil in your aunt's school. Did you know anyone there?

Geo. I thought I did, once. Miss Mae Blossom was considered a great favorite, was she not?

Mrs. L. Mr. Pierson, Mae Blossom and I were quite intimate. I knew her to be a pure, loving girl. I understand now that she is cast out of her home a broken-hearted woman.

Geo. I know not why it is, but I am drawn strangely toward you. Your words have struck deeper than you can think or know. Mrs. Landon, I believe you are a noble woman.

Enter, ISABEL, L.

Isabel. Quite affecting, I assure you, Mr. Pierson. I am sorry to interrupt you and the house-keeper, (sneeringly) but would you be kind enough to show me the plant you were speaking of?

Geo. Certainly, Miss Isabel. Mrs. Landon, I shall not need any

change in my apartments at present. (*bows and offers arm to ISABEL*)
I am at your service. (*exit C.*)

Mrs. L. Oh, Heaven! am I to be under the same roof with the man I love and still keep my secret? Yes, my work is here and I must solve this mystery, for something in my heart tells me he, as well as I, have been deceived. Is that the woman he is to marry? No, no! though he cast me off forever, I could not wish him so great a punishment. (*exit L.*)

Enter, PAT, R.

Pat. Shure, may me Oirish tongue split if iver Oi thought Oi'd be afther hearin' sich murdthering things as Oi've heard since Oi left Cork. Shure, Oi used to ketch me ould masther's son reading sthories about love and murdther—when ther masther want 'round, mind you—but Oi niver thought it could happen in a civilized counthry. Shure, Oi dunno! Bless my soul! thar's something wrong with ther house-keeper, too. Oi heard someone a crying and a crying in her room, so Oi paked through ther kay-hole. Bedad, there was a young woman, an it wasn't ther house-keeper, at all, at all! Oi believe me masther loves ther house-keeper. Gracious me! what if he should marry her and thin foind out he'd be afther gitting a young woman fer a woife instead of a widow. What's *Mrs. Pierson's* sacret? thot's phot Oi'm afther. *Pat*, can't you put two and two together? By me stars, Oi believe she murdthered me masther's father. Oh! (*looks around and shakes with fear*) Oh! thot's ther reason she talks about being safe and gitting ther money. Ah, me ould tabby, Oi'm watching you! Shure, what ther ind will be Oi dunno. But Oi'll go and talk it all over wid me sweet-heart, *Jenny O'Flarity*. Oh, she's a darlint! (*exit C.*)

Stage darkened a little—music—enter, MRS. LANDON, R.

Mrs. L. It is late, but what care I for time if it only lifts this heavy load from my heart. I must retire to my room, but I cannot sleep. (*GEORGE parts draperies and stands listening*) Oh, George, why will not this dark cloud lift itself and show us its silver lining? Perhaps it is always to be dark. No, no! something tells me my love and trust in him is to be rewarded. Ah! what is this? (*stoops and picks up letter—reads*) “Mother:—When you find this letter I shall be on my way to Europe, the wife of Mr. Durand. I do not love him, but when father and mother both forsake their child, what should I care what becomes of me? I have discovered your secrets. Your bribes to my father, Jack Thorne. As you hope for forgiveness in this life and in the life to come, for happiness you can never have, restore to George Pierson his rightful heritage. Confess your crime and the injustice you have heaped upon the girl he loved. Sell your jewels and in some distant city, seek to live an honest life. May God forgive you. Isabel Crawford Thorne.” At last! at last! Father in Heaven, I thank Thee! Ah, I hear footsteps. (*GEORGE disappears back of draperies*) Whatever may happen, may I have the courage to do right. (*hides*)

Enter, MRS. PIERSON, L.

Mrs. P. How cold it is—freezing cold. My head is burning up while my hands and heart are cold as death—death! Ah! (*starts and looks around*) Yes, my sin has found me out. Day after day and night after night does Jasper Pierson come to me out of his

grave and demand justice for the living. Ave, not till morning comes to shut out these hideous dreams and phantoms can I close my eyes in sleep. Sleep! There is no sleep, no rest, ha! ha! What care I? Those who barter their souls for gold, aye, those whose hands are stained with blood—ah! blood! blood! (*laughs*) What if I did break her heart? What if I did ruin him and his happiness? Wasn't it for gold—bright, sparkling gold? Ha! ha! But the will—the will is safe!

(*takes paper from pocket—Mrs. L. comes upon her*

Mrs. L. Madam!

Mrs. P. (*staggers back startled*) Mrs. Landon!

Mrs. L. Yes, Mrs. Landon once, but never again. I am the girl you so foully wronged. (*takes off disguise*) Mae Blossom, once the betrothed wife of George Pierson. Mrs. Jack Thorne your sins have indeed found you out. Even now your daughter is on her way to Europe, a wedded wife, while before you stands a witness to your confession of wrong and crime. Better, far better, a life of poverty on yonder hillside farm, a thousand times better a mortgaged farm, and faithful hearts, to a life of crime and shame under the roof of wealth. Ha! the will! (*snatches it from her—Mrs. P. falls on knees*

Mrs. P. Spare me! spare me!

Mrs. L. Yes, I will spare you. You are a mother, and although I despise you, I can but pity you. May those in the homes you have ruined and whose hearts you have broken, be able, in time, to forgive you, also.

Mrs. P. Spare me! (*catches hold of Mrs. L.*) Save me! Don't let them take me!

(*GEORGE steps forward—MAE sees him*

Mae. At last!

Geo. Mae, my own once more and forever!

(*MAE throws herself into his arms*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

Drawing room as before—PAT discovered.

Pat. By me soul, this is as good as a sthory in ther almanac. Ther old tabby goes out in a hurry, ther young tabby runs away and gits married, and me masther and ther house-keeper be afther gittin' married to-day, too, and will soon be here. Oh, but ther best thing to me young mistress, and it's a sacret to her, is, that her father, who lives in the counthry and who couldn't see at all, at all, had his eyes opened by the doctor and me masther's money, and can see now as well as anybody. Shure, it's gittin' excited, Oi am! Ah, here they come; bless their dear hearts.

Enter, MR. and MRS. GEORGE PIERSON, R.

Geo. Welcome, my dear wife, to your future home.

Mae. Oh, George, my husband, what a happy hour this is and how happy we shall be. Why, even now I begin to feel like my old self again.

Geo. Mrs. Langdon, my apartments have been sadly neglected. I give them over to you, ha! ha!

Mae. You won't care this time, will you, Pat?

Pat. No, indade, as long as the ould tabby keeps away.

Mae. Now, George, before we talk of re-furnishing this house and

settling down, we must go back to Vermont. I so wish we could do one thing.

Geo. What is that, Mae?

Mae. Give our folks a double surprise by taking Grandmother Hildebrand home with us. I'll tell you what let's do. I will get there on the early train and you come on the next with grandmother. I want to steal in upon them, George, as I used too.

Geo. All right, Mae, but what if grandmother should have one of those spells? (both laugh)

Enter, SAM, C.

Sam. (salutes) Tea am served. (exit c.)

Geo. Pat will accompany you home and I will come with the handboxes, ha! ha! (both exit c.)

Pat. Phot will Jennie O'Flarity say to thot? I dunno. Bless my stars, Oi'll be afther seeing her this blessed avening. (exit L.)

Enter, GEORGE, C.

Geo. Pat has gone then. Mae said she left that package in this room. I presume Pat has taken charge of it. (looks out) Sam looks importance itself. I wonder what is up now.

Enter, SAM, C.

Sam. Massa George, dar am a woman in de hall who insists on seeing yoh. She am veiled and will not gib her name.

Geo. That is strange. It can't be—— Never mind, Sam, show the lady in. (exit, SAM, C.) It may be some one in distress who may need my assistance.

Enter, ISABEL, C.—looks about frightened.

Geo. What can I do for you madam? Are you in trouble?

ISABEL throws back veil and sinks down at his feet

Isabel. Forgive me! forgive me!

Geo. Isabel! Mrs.——

Isabel. No, no! do not say that word! I am still Isabel Crawford.

Geo. Isabel, I can't understand your motive for doing this. Do not kneel to me.

Isabel. (rises) George Pierson, listen to me if you have any pity, then scorn me if you will. My mother—God forgive her—has made me what I am. She taught me to live for wealth, nothing else; and when I found out she was my mother, she led me on. I knew you did not love me, and I did not love you. Our plans failed, and, to save myself from poverty, I accepted the hand of a villain and gambler. Money was what he wanted. My mother had deceived him; and from his base proposal I saved myself. Oh, if there is forgiveness, I want to live a better life.

Enter, MAE, C. as she relates her story.

Geo. Isabel there is a higher Judge. In your own confession of wrong you have your forgiveness; and Mae, my wife, I am sure will help you. As long as you desire, our home shall be yours.

Isabel. Heaven bless you; but how will she receive me?

Mae. (coming forward) As a sister.

(kisses her

Geo. And as a brother.

(takes her hand

Isabel. How can I ever thank you? The bitterness of the past I will try and forget; but there is something that haunts me and I can not throw it off.

Mae. What is it, dear?

Isabel. It is about my father. Something tells me I shall yet see him, and that he is not a bad man.

Geo. Do you know I have thought of that same thing lately, and when we return home I will take measures to find where he lives.

Mae. Isabel, I want you to go home with me. Now do not say no; for in the home of my dear father and mother I know you will find strength and happiness. Now, go to your old room; it is just as you left it. Do not give way to your sorrow, but remember the future has in it a noble work for you to do. Good-night, (kisses her) and may your dreams be of a happy journey to my dear, dear home.

Isabel. Good-night, kindest and best of friends. (exit, GEORGE and MAE, R.) Yes, they are too kind to me, too kind. I cannot forget and be happy now. To go to her christian home where I know it must be sunshine and gladness, would only increase my bitterness and sorrow. Oh, my mother! Spurned and banished from you without ever having heard my rightful name spoken. (music) Oh, father, where is he?

Enter, JACK THORNE, C.

Oh, this is indeed hard.

Jack. Excuse me.

Isabel. Who—are—you? Oh, sir, you would do me no harm?

Jack. Harm! If you but knew the years of bitterness and hardship I have endured, the whisperings of love and good resolves blasted and baffled at every turn by one bad woman, you might think one fit to do most anything; but thank God the yoke is broken I am a free man. Isabel, you don't know me—why should you? But I am your father.

Isabel. Father! I can't realize it! And yet, something more than your words tell me it is so.

Jack. Isabel, it is true. Before Heaven I have not been a bad man save in my neglect of you. If you had been living in want I would have made myself known to you, even at the cost of my life. Isabel, this is not the time nor place to speak of my wrongs. I do not know but even now some one is hiding to take my life.

Isabel. And all the cause of this wretchedness and misery was—

Jack. Your mother—my wife.

Isabel. Oh then it was too true. I have suffered—but nothing in comparison to you. Hereafter our lives shall not be apart; and may the sunshine of our love for each other dispel the darkness of our past life. Father, to Mr. and Mrs. Pierson I owe more than I can tell. I am going with them into the country for a few days, and when I return our home shall be together. Good-night, father—dear father, and may God bless you and his child.

music—embrace—exit, ISABEL, R.

Jack. Good-night, good-night.

(exit C.

Enter, SAM, C., in night-shirt, shoes unbuttoned—club in hand.

Sam. Oh, yoh needn't think yoh's goin' to scar' me; 'cause yoh

ain't. I'se 'nough fer yoh. I'se got dis yer club. Yoh can't fool dis yer niggah—dar ain't nobody heah. I'se powahful glad dey ain't, foh I don't want to hurt nobody. (*hears noise*) I 'clar' to goodness! what's dat? Oh, I'll— (*steps heard—SAM runs back to door, R.*) I ain't 'feard, but I'll jes' step into dis heah room and when de proper time comes I'll smite de villain. (*exit R.*)

Enter, PAT, L.

Pat. This is foine intoirely. By me gracious, if masther George knew Oi'd sthayed out so late he'd be afther giving me ther boost. Nobody is to blame but Jennie. Oh, ther swate crature! (*hears noise*) There's someone in thot room or me name's not Pat O'Connor. Oi'll be afther gittin' me club.

(*exit C.—SAM puts his head in R.*)

Sam. Whar am de villain? (*sees PAT as he enters C., and dodges back*) Oh, dear, oh, dear!

Pat. Faith, Oi seen some one dodge in thot door. By me soul, shall Oi call masther George? No; Oi'll best whack him over ther head wid this sthick and dhrag him out. Hlist in thar!

(*tries to open door*)

Sam. (*outside*) Go 'way! go 'way!

Pat. Go 'way, is it? come out of thar, Oi say, or Oi'll be afther a breakin' open this door!

Enter, GEORGE, L.

Geo. Pat, as I live! What are you doing with that club? Where is Sam?

Pat. Faith! Oi havn't seen thot nigger. Shure, Oi was coming in a little late from Mr. O'Dougan's and so Oi thought Oi'd be be afther seeing if iverthing was all roight. Oi jest come in from ther hall when Oi seen a robber run in thot room. By me soul, Oi jest got me sthick from ther closet ter tackle ther villain.

Geo. What could you do against a robber that is doubtless armed?

Pat. Shure, Oi'm armed, too. Faith, he's a coward, fer Oi ordered him out and he don't dare ter come.

Geo. Put down your club and I'll see who it is, This looks to me like child's play. Open this door!

Sam. Oh, lor'! Massa George, it's only Sam!

Geo. Of all the rediculousthings I ever heard of! Pat, didn't you know it was Sam in there?

Pat. Sam! Phot, thot nigger? By me soul, Oi'll be afther fixin' him, shure!

(*Geo. opens door*)

Enter, SAM, R.

Geo. Well, Sam, now for your explanation.

Sam. Massa George, it am de luckiest circumstance I ebber heard on. I thought Pat was a robber an' was just going to open dat doah an' kill him foh sartin suah, when I recognized yoh voice. as I was saying, dat am de luckiest thing dat eber happen to dis chile. Dat am a fac'.

Pat. And did Oi iver hear ther loikes av thot!

Geo. Or me, either. Now clear out! both of you to your rooms and have done with this nonsense. (*exit R.*)

(*SAM and PAT go through various motions of revenge*)

Sam. Don't yoh point dat club dis heah way. Yoh t'ink when dis chile hit yoh one bat yoh's dead suah!

Pat. Hist yer blarney! It's as much as iver Oi kin do ter kape this sthick from coming down loike thot! (*hits him*) loike thot!
(*hits him as they exit L.*)

Music—enter L., MRS. PIERSON.

Mrs. P. Here at last! Do they think Hester Thorne is going away crying like a whipped child? What do I care for life with poverty? Every thought and plan of my life has been for gold. Shall I give it up to them? Never! I watched the house and saw Isabel come in, then Jack Thorne. They think to frighten me; but I will triumph over them all. Isabel is not like me. Her every look, act and word makes me think of him, and I hate her. Ah, Jasper Pierson, the secret of your wife's jewels are safe with me, never fear. With this key I can secure the fortune of Mrs. Pierson and escape.

Enter, ISABEL, R., in night-robe.

One more effort and I defy them all.

(*unlocks drawer underneath table and takes out box*)

Isabel. Mother, replace that box.

Mrs. P. (*starts*) You! You here and think to frighten me?

Isabel. You can break every tie that binds you to me, but you shall not rob those who have just the same as saved you, even though the hangman's rope stared you in the face. Mother, I would not harm you. Return the box and escape while I give you the chance.

Mrs. P. Girl, (*draws dagger from bosom*) sooner than be foiled in this I will kill you. (*music*)

Isabel. Mother, for the last time before I call for help, I implore you to leave that box and escape.

Enter, R., JACK THORNE, cloak thrown over shoulders.

Mrs. P. Never! Call for help, ha! ha!

rushes at her with uplifted dagger—ISABEL screams and springs back—
JACK THORNE throws cloak over MRS. P's. head as she is about to strike and drags her R.

Enter, C., SAM and PAT, hastily.

Pat. Oh, my gracious! phot's this. Masther George turned in ther alarm and two polacemin air coming in ther hall.

Enter, C., GEORGE and MAE—MAE springs to ISABEL.

Geo. There is no possible escape for you. Release that woman!
(*JACK throws off cloak*)

Enter, Police, R.

Hester Thorne!

Sam. Oh, my! oh, my!

Pat. Hist yer blarney!

Mae. Oh, Isabel, my poor, poor child!

Geo. Villain or not, who are you?

Jack. Who am I? I am that woman's husband—Jack Thorne.
(goes toward ISABEL who throws herself into his arms)
Sam. Oh, de good Lord!

MRS. P. laughs and throws hands to head—officers start toward her.

Geo. Hold! Use no violence. Look at her!

Mrs. P. Hush! hush! Don't you see him? He is coming out of his grave—coming out of his grave! Oh, yes, he'll drink it—poison! Then I shall be free! Free? I shall never be free. Sin and crime face me like so many demons out of the fiery pit, Back! back, I say; you shall never rejoice over my wasted life, never! *(falls on knees)* Look! look! *(eyes set)*

Isabel. Father this is terrible. Can't we help her?

Jack. Yes, Isabel, I will. *(to Officer)* Take me in her place. *(to MRS. P.)* Hester Thorne, look at me. Once more for the sake of our child I will save you. *(steps forward)*

Mrs. P. *(both hands to head as she rises and comes toward JACK)* Save me! save me! my—husband!

Falls and is caught by JACK, who supports her head—ISABEL kneels at left side.

Isabel. Oh, father! she is——

Jack. Dead! *(tableau with slow music—colored lights)*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sitting-room in MR. BLOSSOM'S house—the hymn "Dennis" heard from inner room.*

Enter, PAT and MAE, R.—MAE motions PAT to exit.

Mae. Home once more. How my heart beats. Dear, dear old home! Oh, if father could see me now how happy I should be. They hear a noise and I will go in. *(exit L.)*

Enter, Omnes, L.—MAE leads her father, who wears same glasses as before.

Mae. Yes, father, George will be here this afternoon; but I wanted to come in like your Mae of old. Oh, I am so happy. Father, mother, isn't this a blessed hour?

Mrs. B. Yes, my child, it is. Loving and true hearts can make any place home. George paid off the mortgage.

Mae. I know it mother.

Mrs. B. But one thing you don't know.

Mae. What is it, mother, what is it?

Mrs. B. I think your father had better tell you.

Mr. B. Mae, you remember two years ago to-day?

Mae. Shall I ever forget it, father?

Mr. B. You remember you said: "And the light will come, father." and again: "Not even a sparrow falleth without His notice."

Mae. Yes, father; and we are happy in the light of love and plenty. I said I would earn money and buy back this dear old farm—and haven't I done it? I am sure George and I are one——

Mr. B. Every promise has been fulfilled; and under the direction of an infinite Father our Mae has come back to us more than con-

querer. Mae, my child, (*takes off glasses*) can these eyes see you?

Mae. (*who does not look up, but wipes eyes*) Of course, father, you can always see your Mae in the light of love.

Mr. B. Child, look into my eyes. (*MAE looks—surprised*)

Mae. Father! father! Is it true? Father in Heaven, I thank Thee! (*throws herself into his arms*)

Mrs. B. Now come into the next room, Mae, and we'll tell you all about it. It is a wonder George could keep it a secret from you.

Mr. B. Sam, you and 'Lindy look as though you could spare us, ha! ha! (*exit R.*)

Bal. (*trying to unwind some yarn*) Sam, ain't you most through whittling that stick? It takes you the longest to whittle a peg for the molasses barrel! I'm havin' an awful time, Sam, with this yarn.

Sam B. It's got twisted, hain't it?

Bal. Yes, it's got all twisted up. Come, hain't you got most through?

Sam B. Wall, to tell the truth, 'Lindy, I've got the fust one whittled.

Bal. Sam Blossom, you do act the most curiest to-night; but come hold this yarn. (*takes chairs up front*) There, git your fingers and thumbs right. Now you act quite natural and handy.

Sam B. You and me have know'd each other a long time, 'Lindy

Bal. Law, Sam, now don't you snarl this yarn.

Sam. Bother the yarn!

(*lets it fall*)

Bal. W'y Sam Blossom!

Sam. 'Tain't no sort of use, 'Lindy, you and me makin' great fools of ourselves. We have been courtin', off an' on, for 'bout eighteen years.

Bal. It's no sich thing, Sam Blossom.

Sam. Better call it a hitch, hadn't we, 'Lindy?

Bal. Law, Sam, what will John and Susan say?

Sam. Oh, they'd be tickled to death.

Bal. It's kind of sudden after all.

Sam B. We don't want to be new fashioned, do we 'Lindy?

Bal. Don't ask sich a silly question.

Sam B. And we want to do things jest as we want to.

Bal. Of course we do.

Enter, PAT, R., unseen.

Sam. What do you say, 'Lindy, to a game of "Bean Porridge Hot"?

Bal. I declare, I was jest thinking 'bout that very thing myself. (*after slapping it through twice SAM says*)

Sam. Look out now, 'Lindy, or you'll miss.

BAL. misses the third time—SAM struggles to kiss her and succeeds at last.—PAT goes through a series of antics while looking on.

Sam. There, that settles it.

Pat. By me soul, Oi should think it moight.

Bal. For the land sakes! where did you come from?

Pat. Faith, an' Oi come on ther train. But Oi say, thar comes me masther George.

Enter, L., MR. and MRS. BLOSSOM and MAE.

Sam B. Crackev Peter, there's the hull crowd! I'll be hanged if there ain't grandmother, sure's you're born.

Bal. Mae, for goodness sake. what is the matter?

Mae. Look, Aunt Balin la. Mother, didn't I tell you we would have a jolly time?

Mrs. B. Grandmother is eighty-seven to-day. *(lively music)*

GEORGE PIERSON and GRANDMOTHER HILDEBRAND, followed by neighbors, enter R.

Mae. Oh, to think George would run away with his grandmother! *(general handshaking)*

Grandma. Howdedu, howdedu, everybody. *(sees FRED)* Young man, are you the same one who stepped on my yaller snuff-box two years ago? Law, how you're grow'd! I should think you ought to be quite a help by this time. Susan, you're got on false hair, hain't you? Is that the fashion now days? John, I heerd as how you had trouble with your eyes; got stone blind, so they told me, and went down to Bosting and had them cured agin. I 'spose you thought the Lord was chastizing you for something you'd done.

Mr. B. I don't think I looked at it quite in that light.

FRED discovers a pitcher with a plant in it—passes it around for the girls to smell of—GRANDMA sees him.

Grandma. Land sakes alive, if that critter ain't got that plant I brought to Mae! Here! here! destructioness, you start yourself back with that!

FRED starts with it and falls down—the pitcher breaks and a paper falls out.

Grandma. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I might have knowed something would happen. *(snatches paper from FRED)* There, George, you read it, your eyesight is better than mine. Stop your titterin'! How do you 'spose you can hear?

Geo. (reads) "To Mrs. Mae Blossom Pierson as a legacy from her Grandmother Hildebrand, the sum of \$10,000 with her blessing." Here is a check for the same on the First National Bank of New York.

Mae. Why, you dear old grandmother, I thought you were poor.

Grandma. Can't most always tell now days. Susan, I hain't been so well for twenty years as I have since I was up here two year ago. The rheumatiz hain't troubled me much of any and my back is easin' up'mazinly. Balinda, I 'spose you have got that sage tea on.

Fred. Oh, you're growing young again, grandmother, sure pop!

Grandma. You git out, you sass-box! Come, ain't you going to tune 'er up a leetle dance?

Mae. Oh, yes, let's have a dance. You will join us, won't you grandmother?

Grandma. (laughing to herself) Oh, I 'spose I could take a few steps without causing much pain. Sam, none of your mincin' round. Mae wants us to show these young folks some new steps. *(to FRED)* Young man do be decent as you can and don't be mussin' things.

*Form and dance through set, GRANDMA and SAM put in the fine steps—
GRANDMA flirts her handkerchief, etc.*

Mr. B. Grandmother, don't you think you have danced long enough?

Grandma. I was jest gettin' limbered up; but if you and Susan think I have danced long enough, of course I'll stop. Sam, where's your manners? Give your arm to your partner.

SAM gives arm and they seat themselves with great dignity—dinner bell is heard.

Mr. B. There is the dinner bell. Now, friends, before we go in I wish to thank you once again for this happy meeting. It has truly been a reunion of hearts; and as long as we live, come every summer to the old farm and you shall receive a hearty welcome.

Sam B. 'Lindy, and me will be ready for you next summer.

Bal. Well, that depends, Sam Blossom.

Pat. Masther George, kin Oi spake ter yer confiden ially?

Geo. Speak out, Pat; but I can guess.

Pat. Jennie has consented to be Mrs. O'Connor.

Geo. And you both want to live with us at Pierson House?

Pat. An' ther little 'Connors, too?

Fred. By gosh, I'm going to the city, too!

Grandma. Don't be sassy, young man. If you go and be decent as you know how I don't know but what I'll give you a lift arter a while.

Mr. B. Mae, my child, grandmother has given you a legacy. Have you another reward?

Mae. Yes, father; it is——

Isabel. Let me answer. (*steps to front from C. just enough to clear circle*) A noble husband (*points to GEO.*) and last, but not least, my friends, she has the reward that should spring out of every human heart bound by the great cord Sympathy. It has lifted the fallen, and in the great resurrection of our common humanity, it will shine like the priceless diadem of a crown. It is ——

Omnes. Love!

CURTAIN.

THE END.

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SYNOPSIS.

PROLOGUE. SCENE—Fernoaks' Park. A midnight storm. The Spider's web—"Murder!" A drunkard's oath—Accused. "My wife!" The village clock—The arrest. "He is my husband, and I will protect him!"

ACT I. Scene—Fernoaks, (ten years later) The Professor. The Spider's discovery. "A very pious man." "Wreck the Silver City!" Carl and the Widow. Uncle Rufus—The spider's manly son. A bold stroke. A wife's devotion—The outcast.

ACT II. Scene—Lighthouse, Cape May, N. J. The Spider and the Professor. A false mes-age. "The danger signal!" Charm to the rescue—Off for the wreck.—"He shall not escape me!" Saved from the wreck. The pious man's discovery. "Who is this man?" "Tom Blossom!"

ACT III. Scene—The old cabin. "Home, Sweet Home!" A storm—"The shelter is poor, but the welcome is rich." A sad story. "Tom Blossom!" The recognition—The mystery deepens. The Spider's disguise. "My son!" Tom to the rescue. "She is my wife!" "And my daughter!"

ACT IV. Scene—Fernoaks. The Spider in a rage.—"If this fails, we are lost!" The Widow and Carl. The Professor happy. "Tom Blossom!"—"The proof of my innocence!" The Spider fails.—"I believe him innocent!" The Spider caught. The mystery solved. A day of reckoning. The living witness. The Spider's last curse. Death. The pious man chained. Tom and Nellie re-united. Fernoaks. Spider's web broken.

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SYNOPSIS.

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SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene 1st.* Parlor in Mr. Evans' Western home—Mr. Evans and Bert Allen. Bert Allen goes in search of Mr. Evans' lost daughter. *Scene 2d.* Cabin at Devil's Camp. Interview between Jane, an old hag, and Jack Thorn—The quarrel—Wild Mab and "Down went McGinty"—Cold water and Jack Thorn do not agree. The threat—"Coward!" "Mab, for God's sake, don't shoot!" Sambo and the ghost. Jack attempts to shoot Sambo. Mab's pistol always ready to protect the helpless. *Scene 3d.* Night at the cabin. Arrival of Bert Allen. Thorn's intention to murder Allen. Mab warns Allen of his danger—"Dead men tell no tales!" Mab to the rescue. "Fly for your life, and the heart of Wild Mab goes with you!" Sambo makes his appearance—tableau.

ACT II. *Scene 1st.* Wood Scene. Allen and Mab—The kiss. Mab's command and soliloquy—Mab overhears conversation between Jack Thorn and Pete Hart—Attempt to be made to trap Mab—Sambo reveals to Mab how she came to be an inmate of Devil's Camp—she swears vengeance on Jack Thorn. Jack attempts to shoot Sambo. Mab's arrival—"Shoot him if you dare!" *Scene 2d.* Night in the woods. Sambo tells a little incident of his school days. Allen as Pat, who is going to help Pete trap Mab. *Scene 3d.* Cabin Mab and Jane. Jack's offer of marriage refused. The curse of Mab Evans—The abduction of Mab.

ACT III. *Scene 1st.* Mab a prisoner. Jack unties her hands—Mab shows her temper. Pete and Mab—"Oh, merciful heaven, I have killed him!" Arrival of Pat and Sambo—Mab's flight—Pat and Sambo start for Mr. Evans' home. *Scene 2d.* Mab in the woods. Death of her horse. Continued flight. Sambo and Pat in pursuit. *Scene 3d.* Home of Mr. Evans. Mab at home—Her plea for protection—Father and daughter. Her fears concerning Pete's death. Good news. A little plot.

ACT IV. *Scene 1st.* Devil's camp. Trouble between Jack and Pete. Arrival of Mab and officers—Arrest of Jack, Jane and Pete. *Scene 2d.* Mab at home—Her heart disease. The letter. Pat throws off disguise. Mab's surprise—"Unconditional surrender!" Happy ending.

NEW PLAYS.

The Spellin' Skewl

—OR,—

Friday Afternoon at Deestrick No. 4.

*An Original Burlesque in one scene, by Bert Richards.
for 7 male and 6 female characters. Below is the*

SYNOPSIS.

Noon at the Skewl House in Deestrick No. 4. Pupils playing "Needles Eye." Kittie and Patsy Bolivar. "He shan't kiss me." Bub in trouble. "I want t' g'wout 'n' 'eeter with Sallie Waters." Hokey Pokey. The Yaller Crick Deest. ick. Intry, mintrv. cutry, corn. Trouble begins. "Cry baby, cry baby." "Teacher's comin'." Skewl commences. The Yankee school-master. Roll call. The tell-tale. "That's th' fergitfulest critter in th' hul skewl." Toot Smith and S'mantha Jones' encounter with Skinner's old black sheep. "Teacher aint you glad he didn't eat us up?" Patsy making faces at the girls. The swimming hole. Patsy's denial. "Did too, did too, did, did, did." "If he's drowned tell him never to do so agin—as it were." Teacher sits on a pin. "'Twas Patsy Bolivar! 'twas Patsy!" Bub Jones and the pincher bug. Hopper toad in the dinner pail. Picture on the blackboard. Pinkey Smith's a blushin'." The paper wad. Barney Dacey: "Patsy tied me clothes in harrud knots, be gob." Patsy abused 'cause he's a orphing. The changed shirts. How Barney's nose got hurt. Patsy is made a "shinin' example." Dunc block. "Boo-hoo-oo-oo, Patsy is goin' t' git licked!" Geography lesson. "Who diskivered th' arth?" "'Twas Patsy Bolivar." Teacher's explanation how Christina sailed across the ocean. Her arrival at Castle Garden and interview with Hiawatha the mayor of Noo York, who says: "We're diskivered." Passing the water. Patsy's whistle. "No wax chawin in this skewl allowed." Patsy and the yellow-jacket; teacher has no use for it. Another whistle. Choosing sides for the spelling match. The quarrel. Bub goes out to teeter. Patsy's mischief. Bub and the barrel. Patsy drops barrel over the teacher's head, gets on top and blows horn. "Skewl's out! Skewl's out!"

Nanka's Leap Year Venture.

A Commedietta in One Scene, by Shettle and George, for 5 male and 2 female characters. Costumes to suit charactars. Time of performance 40 minutes. A good play.

Pomp Green's Snakes.

An Ethiopian Farce in One Act, by Shettle and George, for 2 male characters. Costumes modern. Time of performance 15 minutes. A good after-piece.

Arthur Eustace;

—OR—

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Temperance Drama in 5 Acts, by J. W. J. Todd, for 10 male and 4 female characters. Costumes modern, and time of performance 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. *Scene First.* Home of Mr. Eustace. Interview between Mr. Eustace and Mr. Gordon, the saloon-keeper. Mr. Eustace signs contract in which his building is to be used as a saloon. Hans, the Dutchman. The temperance women at work. Mrs. Eustace pleads with her husband to break his contract with Mr. Gordon. The disappointment. Arthur and Edith. Hans, the Dutchman, "Is dot so?" Mrs. Eustace's appeal to the saloon keeper. Mr. Gordon's resolve. Arthur sent on errand. "My boy in a saloon! oh, Robert you will break my heart." Hans brings Arthur in drunk. Maud and Edith discover him. "Drunk, dead drunk!" Dispair of Mrs. Eustace.

ACT II. *Scene First.* Pat, the Frenchman. Mr. Markly, Edith's lover. Pat and the rag baby—his advice to Edith. Pat's story. The proposal. "You better see father." Arthur's joke. The milliner's bill. *Scene Second.* Arthur and Pat. The note. Pat's description of Maud. The answer. "My worst fears realized; I'll try and forget her." *Scene Third.* Mr. Markly accepted as Edith's future husband. Arthur late to dinner. Pat tells how Arthur's note was received by Maud. Arthur returns home drunk—Is turned out of the house by his father. "If my boy is turned out of doors his mother goes with him."

ACT III. *Scene First.* Gordon's saloon. Hans as bartender. "No more liquor for Arthur Eustace at this bar." Jimmy Brown tends bar and goes to sleep. Arthur enters saloon. A broken promise. The fight. Arthur arrested. *Scene Second.* The bribe. "No pity for a drunkard." Mrs. Eustace in the saloon. Hans and Mr. Gordon. *Scene Third.* Arthur in prison. A visit from his mother. Arthur renews his promise. Mr. Eustace, "Let the scoundrel alone." "Go, mother, I cannot keep my promise now." "Arthur, my son, goodbye." *Scene Fourth.* Gordon's determination. Hans and the wheelbarrow. "Dot baby of Han's." The whisky jug. Gordon and Hans. The ride in the wheelbarrow.

ACT IV. *Scene First.* Mr. Gordon and Edith. "I will never marry a saloon-keeper." Gordon's promise. "Bring Arthur back a sober man and I will be your wife." The stolen money. Arthur a burglar. Hans discovers Arthur. Supposed death of Hans. "Oh God, at last I am a murderer."

ACT V. *Scene First.* Arthur's birthday. "We are paupers." The faithful servant. Arrival of Richard Markly. News of Arthur. Arthur and his wife arrive. The welcome. "My loved and true friend, Harry Gordon." The promise of Edith. Markly's dispair. Harry Gordon releases Edith from her promise. "Take her, Markly, you are the most worthy." Pat to the front. A happy ending to "A Mother's Love."

Price 25 Cents.

No.	Act.	No.	Act.
FARCES & COMEDIETAS.			
126	Any Man's Boy	33	My Dear and Nearest Dear
127	Any Man's Boy	34	My Neighbour's Wife
128	Any Man's Boy	35	Our Country
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